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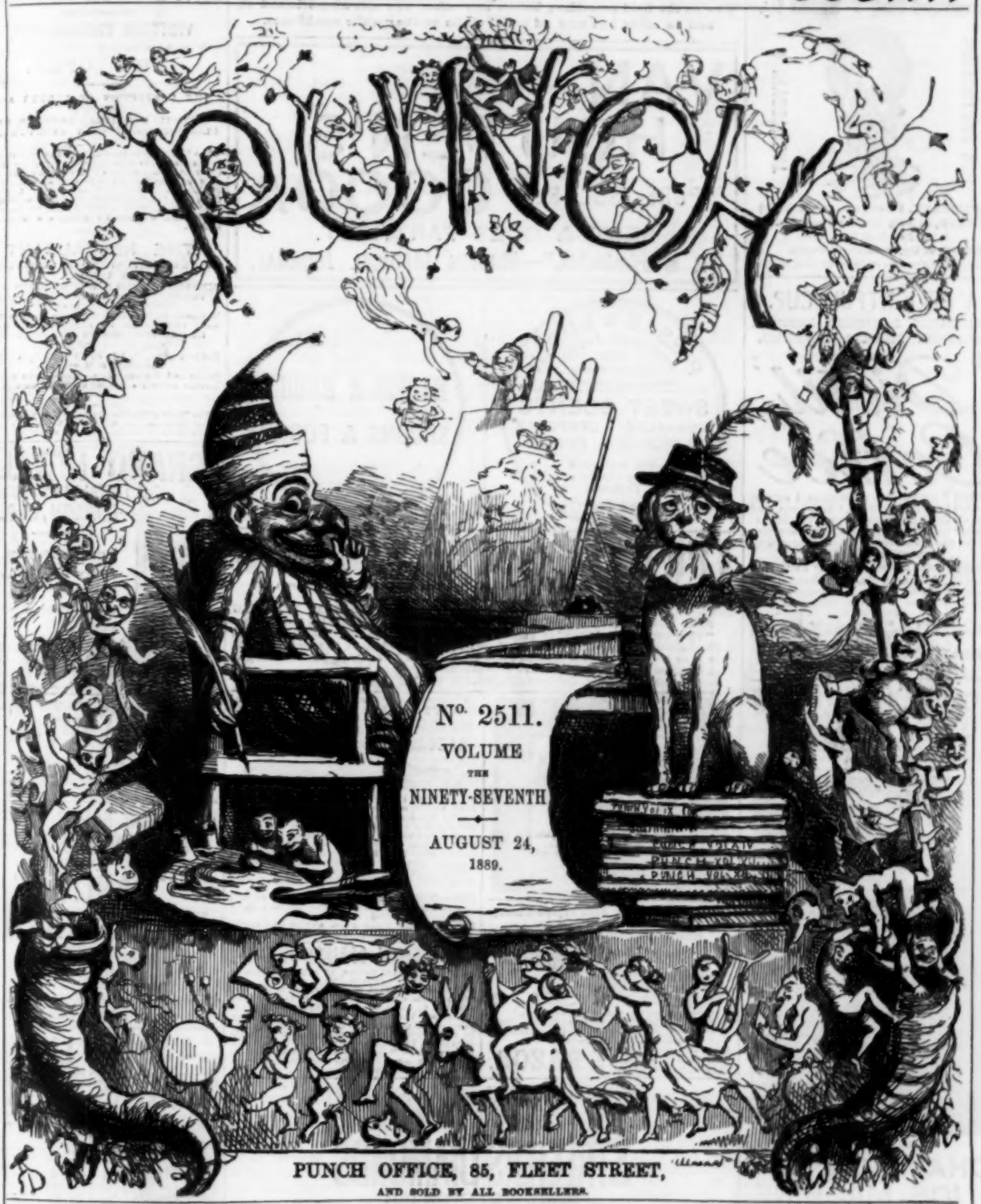
By A. W. ÀBECKETT.



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SUR LA PLAGE.

Sur la Plage! and here are dresses, shining eyes, and golden tresses,
Which the cynic sometimes guesses are not quite devoid of art;
There 's much polyglottic chatter
'mid the folks that group and scatter,
And men fancy that to flatter is to win a maiden's heart.

An Old-fashioned Watering-place.

'Tis a sea-side place that 's Breton, with the rocks the children get on,
And the ceaseless surges fret on all the silver-shining sand;
Wave and sky could scarce be bluer, and the wily Art-reviewer
Would declare the tone was truer than a sea-scape from Brett's hand.

And disporting in the waters are the fairest of Eve's daughters,
Each aquatic gambol slaughters the impulsive sons of France,
While they gaze with admiration at the Mermaids' emulation,
And the high feats of natation at fair Dinard on the Rance.

There are gay Casino dances, where, with Atalanta glances
That ensnare a young man's fancies, come the ladies one by one;
Every look is doubly thrilling in the mazes of quadrilling,
And, like *Barkis*, we are willing, ere the magic waltz is done.

And at night throng Fashion's forces where the merry little horses
Run their aggravating courses throughout all the Season's height;
Is the sea a play-provoker?—for the bard is not a joker
When he vows the game of poker goeth on from morn till night.

There St. Malo walls are frowning,—'twas immortalised by Browning,
When he wrote the ballad crowning with the laurel Hervé Riel;
With ozone each nerve that braces, pleasant strolls, and pretty faces,
Sure, of all fair sea-side places, Breton Dinard bears the bell!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

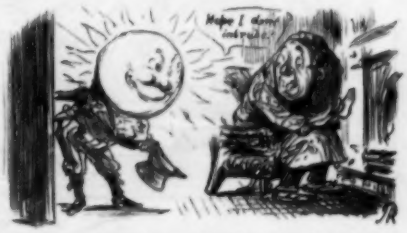
Disposing of a Public Statue.—Your enthusiastic friends in the North, who have testified their admiration of your public career by presenting you with a colossal effigy of yourself in bronze, fifteen feet high, for which, owing to local jealousy, you can find no site in your native town, appear to have occasioned you considerable inconvenience by their injudicious gift. It is very troublesome that you should have had to bring it up to London, but we are not surprised that the Dean refuses to admit it into the Abbey, although you have coupled your offer with an undertaking to make a reputation in some measure worthy of it before you die. Yes, certainly, try the people at South Kensington. Call at about three o'clock at the Museum, and leave the statue, as "a loan" with your card. Even if they can find a place for it only among the "Flesh-Producing Foods," it will at least have solved your difficulty for a time. Should this fail, why not attempt to place it somewhere on the Thames Embankment? There are several spots secluded by the local shrubbery where a monument of the kind could be set up almost unnoticed. Drive it down quietly on a brewer's dray in the twilight and see if you cannot manage this. But, perhaps, on the whole you would do better to leave it, in its present quarters, in the front area of your friend's house in the Cromwell Road, and let it embellish the neighbourhood, at least for as long a period as he is willing to let it stay there. The area-railings, apparently, only come up to the waist, and the head reaches the top of the dining-room window. Remember the extreme difficulty of finding a site for the statue of an unknown man. We should advise you to make the best of this. Sound your friend as to a permanency. Think it over.

A New Entertainment.—Your idea of copying Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" show, and giving an entertainment to be called the "Savage South," appears to promise excellently, and you are most fortunate in already having succeeded in securing from Central Africa two bisons, a male hippopotamus, five boa constrictors, and twelve genuine cannibals of the Mblowawampwa tribe, though we can understand that the sudden arrival of these at your semi-detached villa residence at Battersea must, as you state, have, for the moment, seriously hampered your domestic arrangements. It is to be deplored, of course, that the five boa constrictors immediately got loose, and that the hippopotamus managed to escape, and after upsetting two tramway cars and a butcher's cart, was only run to earth, after alarming the whole neighbourhood, in the back parlour of a local china shop. Awkward, again, is it for you having to appear at the Police Court in answer to the summons served on you in consequence of the conduct of the cannibal tribe; for it seems a pity that you could not, even in dumb show, have explained to them that you are not at war with your next-door neighbour, and that even if you were, it would not justify you in making a raid on their premises and eating, uncooked, seven-and-thirty fowls, a couple of mastiffs, a cage of canaries, a grey parrot, and three cats. Fortunately you appear to have secured the two bisons safely in the bath-room. On the whole, though you appear to have made rather a bad beginning, you must bear in mind that things might have been considerably worse, and you must not suffer yourself to be disheartened. With regard to organising your Show, certainly communicate, as you suggest, with the authorities at "Olympia" without delay. Meantime you might try some sort of preliminary opening at a Third-class East-end Music-hall. If you could get your twelve Cannibals to go through a short war-dance with carving-knives, and eat a sheep alive in three minutes, in the presence of the audience, as you propose, you could, no doubt, make favourable terms, and tide over the interval before the arrival of your next consignment, consisting of the fifty monkeys, nine hyænas, and three full-grown lions you mention, together with the other one hundred and sixteen members of the Mblowawampwa tribe, who are under agreement to join you at Battersea next month, and whose arrival will enable you to set about your programme in real earnest. We shall watch the progress of your enterprise with much interest.

I'M A BORE!

(*A Song of Self-Consciousness. By Teredo.*)

I'm a Bore, I'm a Bore; very sorry to be,
Treating others the same as I'd have them treat me.
My intentions are good, very likely, but then
I give grievous offence to a great many men,
And offend every woman almost even more.
Can't help that—wish I could; I'm a Bore, I'm a Bore!



Not to weary companions, who don't want to hear
My discourse, I am dumb; of the many keep clear.
As they please, they may mark, or not mind, what I say.
If they won't, well, I simply get out of their way.
Then they think I neglect them, whereat they feel sore,
Though I spare them; yet still I'm a Bore, I'm a Bore!

Are my sympathies narrow? That can't be denied;
Never mind; I've antipathies equally wide.
They that style me unsocial may say what they please,
I get on with associates who set me at ease;
Not like those every word I can say that ignore
When I open my mouth. I'm a Bore! I'm a Bore!

Let them snub me who list; I had rather they 'd not.
As for that, one can only be snubbed on the spot.
They can snub no acquaintance behind the man's back,
Where of harmless derision resentment I lack.
Like the Stoic, the Sage, and the Sophist of yore,
Solon, too, might have sung, I'm a Bore! I'm a Bore!

Not so Mad as we Seem.—One of the cleverest men and greatest philanthropists of the day, Sir James Crichton-Browne, in his Address to the British Medical Association, has declared that novel-reading, so far from being pernicious to the health, is perfectly wholesome. After this, it may be safely said that a "Shilling Shocker" cannot be accurately described as "shocking." The eccentricity of genius, Sir James further pointed out, is very different from the stupidity of the insane. This will be a satisfactory reflection to the majority who live outside the houses reserved for a specially select (and selected) minority!

THE NEW CHAMPION OF CERES.

(A Present-day Pastoral.)

"It is understood that Mr. CHAPLIN has been offered, and has accepted office as President of the new Board of Agriculture."—*Daily News.*

Ceres . . . British Agriculture.
Menalcas . . Mr. CH-PL-N.

Ceres. "Your merit and your years command the choice,"
As VIRGIL puts it.

Menalcas. CERES, I rejoice
In opportunity too long deferred.
"Protection's" period I had much preferred
For my sublime appearance on the course,
But that no longer is a winning horse.
Whate'er our swiftness, weight, dear CERES, stops us.
But I will do my best for you—ask MOPSUS.

Ceres. "How is my soul with such a promise raised!"

Menalcas. Thanks, CERES! I'm accustomed to be praised,
And when I write MY *Georgics*—as I will—
VIRGIL himself shall own my greater skill.
That pastoral poet, in his petty age,
Knew nought of phosphates, or of ensilage.

UNANSWERABLE QUESTIONS.

Laura (who wishes to thoroughly master the mysteries of Cricket). "But then, Emily, what happens if the Bowler gets out before the Batter?" [*Emily gives it up!*

It would have opened his calm eyes, you know,
Could he have seen our recent Windsor Show,
"*Quorum pars magna fui.*"
["*Swells visibly.*"
Ceres. Ah! no doubt
You're the one man they cannot do without,
My modern votaries. And indeed, indeed,
I want a potent friend—great is my need.
Look at me. Do I seem the sort of thing
I did to shepherds in the classic Spring,
When thousands knelt at my uplifted shrine,
With offerings of honey, milk, and wine?
Menalcas. Humph! Hardly, if I rightly recollect.
But after Cobden what could you expect?
Ceres. Behold my rain-drenched robes, my scanty sheaves!
The little chance the yawping Yankee leaves
The grasping landlord mars. A pretty go!
Stranded betwixt high rents and prices low.
Menalcas (melted). Poor Lady! Ah! Great Goddess of the Sickle,
Our New Democracy is blind and fickle.
Even we Tories,—well, you scarce can trust us.
I only wish we had a new Augustus,
Whom, as "Propitious Cæsar!" I might hail.
But Salisbury, though his tongue is like a flail,
Is not much of a husbandman. He's poor,
Whose only skill is in the threshing-floor.
I don't want to create a Party Schism,
But on Protection and Bi-Metallism—
Ceres (curiously). What's that?
Menalcas (dubiously). Well,—never mind. Goddess or human,
I must confess I never knew a woman
Who understood the Currency. However,
That's not the question now.
Ceres (admiringly). You are so clever,
And so commanding in your general bearing,
That I presume you're not "out for an airing,"
But "on the job" this time on my behalf.
Menalcas. Quite so! (*Aside.*) I hope she don't mean this as chaff!
I hate a chaffing woman.
Ceres. Trade, the Vulture,
Gnaws at the vitals of poor Agriculture.
What aid, my Titan, will your hands afford?
Menalcas. Well, don't you see, there's something in a Board!
Ceres (innocently). Is there? I hope 'twill be a Board of—*works!*
Menalcas. No—don't say that; it smacks of jobs and "perks."
Ceres. I mean, not one of *words* alone.
Menalcas. Ah, yes!
No doubt, affairs have got into a mess
With you, my Ceres But pray be content,
And keep your eyes upon your—President,
And he will pull you through!
Ceres. How nice that sounds!
Menalcas. Be hopeful, within reasonable bounds,
I'll do my best.
Ceres. "Nor Ceres from on high
Regard your labours with a grudging eye."
So Virgil said about the labouring peasant.
May your toil be as hopeful, and more pleasant!

Some of Britannia's Hardships.—Her Ironclads.

GOVERNMENT BY PLÉBISCITE.

In morals, politics, theology, and even science, the *plébiscite* is getting recognised as the only sure and certain method of arriving at the truth. Take a show of hands on any issue—and there you have it. Who shall decide between Protection and Free Trade, Bi-metallism and Mono-metallism? Of course the People, in *plébiscite* appealed to.

What is the real value of M Pasteur's system of inoculation against hydrophobia? Put it to the vote. Is Darwinism a mere speculation, or are development, evolution, natural selection, and the survival of the fittest, the outcome of sound induction, and eternal verities? Take a *plébiscite* upon it. Is the world not yet six thousand years old, or has it existed for innumerable ages? Wait and see what the *plébiscite* will say. Shall the moderate use of generous liquors be permitted to those who like them, or everybody be compelled to abstain from them by Local Option, or by the total suppression of the liquor traffic? Inquire of the *plébiscite*. Is it right and fit to investigate physiology by vivisection, or is it cruel and inhuman, and have any discoveries of any consequence been made by experiments on living animals—yes or no? What is the function of the spleen? How much truth, if any, is there in Phrenology, or is it all humbug? Are Mesmerism and Hypnotism realities or bosh? Whether or not are certain contagious, infectious, and zymotic diseases produced by microbes, micrococci, and bacteria? The *plébiscite* will tell you—the effectual, infallible, expeditious, and irresistible *plébiscite!*

AN INTERIM REPORT FROM THE MANŒUVRES.

"We are unanimously of opinion that the British Fleet should be put as soon as possible on a Firmer and more Stable Basis!!!"

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR THE DULL SEASON.

1. Have you ever heard of the People's Palace? If you have, give your reasons for supposing that you might do worse than spend half an hour in it, now that the Royal Academy is closed, and all your clubs are in the hands of the renovaters.

2. Give a short account of the efforts recently made to establish Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, paying special attention to the reasons given for the occasionally abrupt and seemingly erratic alteration in the programme. Do you think that music will have a better chance in this house now that the columns of the exterior have been painted chocolate and gold, and the auditorium has been converted into a sort of theatrical edition of "Ye Olde Englishe Countrie Fayre," with gauze blinds in the shape of windows to the private boxes?

3. What do you know of the Victoria Steamboat Association? Give either (*a*) some account of the band on board the *Cardinal Wolsey* during a voyage from Pimlico Pier to Hampton Court on a wet Bank Holiday, or (*b*) a short essay upon the resources of the refreshment department of that excellent vessel *Citizen A*.

4. Give your reasons for supposing that most of the evening papers commence daily with a "second edition" because there can be found no one in town to read the first.

5. Who is Colonel North, and why is he Vice-President of the Spanish Exhibition? Describe as fully as you can the various importations from the Peninsula to be seen at West Kensington.

6. Give shortly the derivation of the following phrases, with examples taken from the amusements of the period to illustrate their meaning:—"Dull as ditch-water," "A ghastly entertainment," "Quite too awful," and "A first-class A 1 send-you-off-to-Hanwell-raving-mad staggerer."

7. How many excuses are there for getting away from London? Select one, and trace it to its natural termination.

"After the Opera is Over."—The Director of Her Majesty's Opera House has done well in associating with the production of the Grand Pantomime (due at Christmas) the name of Mr. E. Solomon, the Composer of the music to *Pickwick*, and *Taming a Tiger*. This Solo in the orchestra (or rather Solomon) is certain to be a popular feature in the face of the difficulties of the situation. It will be no easy matter to successfully rival the long-established glories of the National Theatre, Drury Lane, and the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

A Welsh Assertion.—Great indignation has been expressed at the line taken with regard to the Queen's visit to Wales by Mr. Gee. As a costermonger is wont to say to members of apparently the same family, "Gee, wo!"

A Good Resolution.—In the House of Commons, that the Muzzling Order shall be the Order of the Day.

"THERE 'S MANY A SLIP!"—

(*See "L'Audace!!"—Punch, Volume XCIV., pp.* 198, 199, *April* 28, 1888.)

What ho! my "climbing Cæsar,"—climbing whither?—
This is exceeding awkward, is it not?
Cliff-scalers count on many a slide and slither,
Rasped knuckles, shins abraded, fingers hot;
But this *looks* like a most conclusive "cropper;"
And though, perchance, "things are not what they seem,"
It is a staggerer which might put a stopper
Upon the most audacious clamberer's dream.
L'Audace! But lately have you not looked quaky,
A little less tenacious in your grip,
With trembling toes, and knees a trifle shaky?
The other day you had a serious slip;
And this—this is catastrophe, they tell us,
Your enemies, who in your fall exult.
No more the "Sword of France," her great Marcellus,
That stone, like rock from Titan catapult,
Tumbles you downward from the midway station
You had attained with so much cunning toil.
And—is that really croaky cachinnation
Comes from the crowned fowl you deemed your spoil?

Yes, "there is many a slip" for climbing Cæsar,
And slips, his friends may say, bring little scathe;
But still, a headlong tumble is a teaser
Even for friends of more than Punic faith.
And *his* friends—well, they make a motley muster,
Toppers and tag-rag; as they watch and wait,
With clashing interests but common fluster,
The progress of this challenger of fate,
One thinks of a mixed pack, wolves, jackals, beagles,
Following a new Actæon—to what end?
That is not the most glorious of Eagles
To whose high eyrie he would fain ascend.
A shabbyish bird, for all its Sphinx-like bearing,
Cheap-looking, though it wears a pinchbeck crown,
Poor quarry of such craft and so much daring!
How feels it, as the fowler tumbles down,
That old, old bird of prey, whose battered pinions
Look sleek whilst folded close, but, boldly spread,
Might disappoint sham-Cæsar and his minions?
Yes, the cliff-scaler 's down, but is he dead?

"Dead as the dust of Pharaoh!" shriek his foemen.
"No, deathless as the Phœnix!" shout his friends.
"So Naf. appeared to stumble"—*absit omen!*—
"So wobbles a balloon, yet still ascends."
"Bah! Rabagas goes up like a fired rocket,
And then descends as quickly, like its stick."—
"A rogue who 'd dip his hand in France's pocket!"—
"A charlatan whose policy 's all trick."
"A scheming tyrant, a dull tool of faction,"
"Soldier dishonoured," "gentleman forsworn!"
So rings the Charivari! France's action
Meanwhile is not as clear as Attic morn.
Would she enthrone the "mountebank"—or stone him?
That "chunk of old red sandstone" near his head
Looks formidable; has it overthrown him?
Is Humpty-Dumpty down as good as dead?
Stone-throwing is so easy from a distance.
Meanwhile this *is* a cropper, that 's quite clear.
Can he get up again without assistance?
That question rouses rival hope and fear.
He 's *not* a noble cragsman, this big blunderer,
And even such an Eagle for its lord,
Requires, *Punch* fancies, an authentic Thunderer,
And not a Jove *pour rire*, whose bolts are stored
In a mere Firework factory; fizz and splutter
Won't scare the Titans and maintain the Throne.
The Climber 's down,—and *if* his fall is utter,
Mankind has little cause to make a moan.

DICTATEUR
INDICTMENT

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP!"—

(*Sequel to "L'Audace!!"—"Punch," April 28th,* 1888.)

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTIETH EVENING.

"I have just come from an old country town!" said the Moon. "Up the hill from the bridge the long High Street stretches, passing under an old gateway, where there is a clock that, when illuminated, as it is every evening, has often been mistaken for me by shortsighted persons. Further on rises the dark red church-tower, with its weather-beaten statues, which have sat for hundreds of years in their lofty niches, and up beyond the church, the gabled upper stories of the shops project far over the pavement, and are supported by clumsy stone pillars. Crowning all is the old castle-keep, standing high above the grey roofs and tall red chimney-stacks, from which at dusk the smoke rises in a pearl-grey mist. I love to look down into the main street at nightfall, and see the old richly moulded ceilings in the upper rooms, thrown into high relief by the lamplight. There is a certain confectioner's shop, too, close to the gateway, into which I am never tired of looking; it is a queer old shop, with ancient blue and white Dutch tiles set in the brickwork under the small-paned window, and inside, on rows of shelves, are ranged tin boxes, painted scarlet and labelled with the titles of old, old confections, the very names of which would make any confectioner stare if they were inquired for at the present day. But there are the quaint names still, full of old-fashioned associations: 'Platoff Biscuits,' 'Coburg Cakes,' 'Nelson Ribs,' 'Cardamom Comfits,' 'Pippin Paste,' though I daresay there is nothing at all inside any of the boxes now.

"Outside this shop I saw quite a little drama enacted the other night. Three little girls had got a penny to lay out between them, and they had decided to spend it at this particular establishment. They could not make up their minds what to purchase, and, after a great deal of discussion, had left this delicate business to the discretion of the oldest and wisest of the three, who was commissioned to go in and choose. The other two, being too shy to accompany her, remained outside and watched her proceedings through the window, in a state of the utmost suspense. I could see their little excited faces pressed against the panes, and lit up by the smoky lamp that burnt dimly on the counter, and I could hear all that they were saying.

"'She's asking her if it's lemin-cushins she wants,' said the first, in a whisper, as the old woman who kept the shop fumblingly opened one of the glass jars. 'There ain't no sense in lemin-cushins!'

"'She won't have nothing to say to them,' said the second; 'it's ginger-lozenges *she*'s after!'

"'Nasty hot things!' added her friend; 'run in and tell her not to, Betsy—tell her to buy pep'mints instead—quick now!'

"'I shan't,' was the reply; 'I can't abear pep'mints.'

"They were just about to fall out over this difference in taste, when one of them drew a long breath. 'She ain't goin' to have neither on 'em,' she announced. 'Oh, Betsy, look! Sarah,'s goin' to spend the whole penny in Parliment cake! She *is*!'

"And I was relieved to find that the mingled audacity and prudence of this decision on the part of their ambassadress seemed to give general satisfaction, for the third child was warmly applauded as she came out bearing a paper bag, and when I last looked they were tripping up the hilly street, munching 'Parliament' together in the most amicable of moods!"

A TEMPERATE BUTLER.

What is a Butler? "One who has the care of liquors." Dictionary definition. But, as there are liquors and liquors, so likewise it seems are there butlers and butlers, ordinary butlers and butlers extraordinary. A butler of the latter sort appears to be indicated by the subjoined advertisement in the *Times*:—

WORKING BUTLER WANTED, immediately, for a country house; part of the year in town. Two footmen and odd boy kept. Must be an abstainer of standing, under 40 years of age, have good personal character, and be thoroughly up in his duties.

A butler who is also an abstainer, one would think, must be one of the extraordinary butlers; an odd butler who would be well assorted with an odd boy. The liquors he is required to take care of can hardly be intoxicating liquors. What can a teetotaller know of port and sherry, claret, burgundy, or champagne? His experience can have acquainted him only with non-alcoholic drinks. In the capacity of a butler is he expected to preside over a cellar of soda-water and Apollinaris, and to furnish his employer's dinner-table with toast-and-water? The duties such a butler is qualified to be up to must be light, like the beverages committed to his charge. If he kept any conscience, he could scarcely answer the purpose of a master who, although a member of the United Kingdom Alliance, does not himself scruple to drink and to supply his guests with wine and spirits. To be sure, even a tippling master might think it advisable to take an effectual precaution against possibly engaging a drunken butler. Still, an inquiry for a butler pledged to sobriety may be regarded as a gratifying token of the progress of temperance principles.

THE TAILOR QUITE AT SEA.

Now that everyone is thinking of the Naval Manœuvres, the fashions of our sailors are more than usually interesting. As some doubt has been expressed as to the meaning of the official description of the uniform great-coat, we think it advisable, at this important juncture, in the interests of our gallant tars, to explain it with pen and pencil. According to *The Regulations* the great-coat has to be of "blue milled cloth, to come to fourteen inches from the ground." So far (as our sailor-boys would observe) "all is fair sailing." However, when we learned that it had to be double-breasted, and had to have six uniform "buttons" on each side, with "flaps" across the skirt in front of the hip, we felt that we needed the assistance of our Artist to make the matter clear to the uninitiated, the more especially as there had to be a "stand-and-fall" collar. However, our accomplished colleague was quite equal to the occasion, and immediately dashed off the following:—

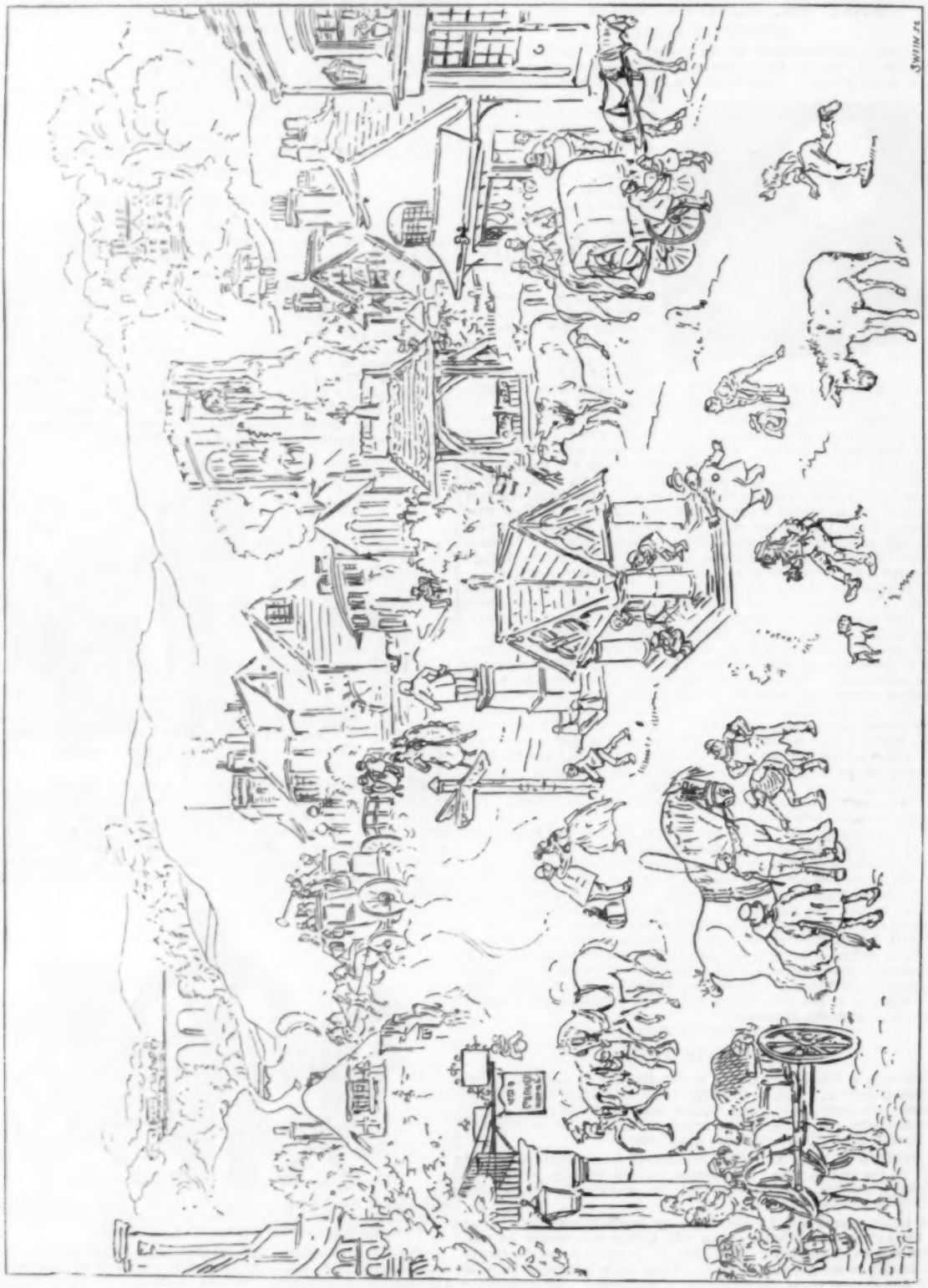
Front View of Naval Great-coat, showing Uniform "Buttons," Flaps, and "Stand-and-Fall" Collar.

Still, this spirited sketch scarcely explained the many strange details of this mysterious garment. *The Regulations* insisted that a "plait should be worn with an opening down the back eighteen inches long." This was to be supplemented "by a fly, and four small plain 'buttons.'" Moreover, with the assistance of "two corresponding uniform 'buttons,'" the waist was to be confined with a strap. Again having recourse to our talented friend, he made another rapid drawing, which we subjoin:—

Back View of Naval Great-coat, showing "Plait," with "opening down the back eighteen inches long," "Fly and four small plain 'Buttons,'" and "corresponding uniform 'Buttons,'" confining waist.

After this short article, with its free-hand sketches, we trust that none of our readers will find any further difficulty in understanding the meaning of the words "uniform 'buttons;'" if they have, they can easily refresh their memory by referring to our pages.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 78.



OUR MODEL VILLAGE.

PUZZLED!

Policeman X Junior loquitur —

Stands Scotland where she did? Leastways,
by that I means, stands Scotland Yard?
Well, howsomever it may be, hus Bobbies'
fix is getting hard; [do his duty manful,
A young P. C., say such as me, who wants to
Don't find his road perticklar clear. Things
isn't right—not by a can-full.

Where are we now? That's what I ask;
and if I get a answer, 'ang me!
I find a few as plum me up, and many more
as slate and slang me;
But when I call for a straight tip concerning
of my proper duty,
I find there's scarce two thinks alike, which
I consider fudge most footy.

Look at this mad-dog bizness now, this
blessed muddle of the muzzle;
There may be sense in it somewhere—where
it comes in, though, is the puzzle.
Cur-hunting, at the best of times, is not nice
sport, let alone rabies;
But—well, I think our bosses must be lit
theirselves; they act like babies.

If we *must* lasso the stray tykes, and take
our chance of hydrophoby,
We may not cotton to the work, but if it so
be, *let* it so be.
But as it stands we're in a fog, the County
Councillors snub and slate us,
And as for them as own the dogs, females
pertikler, they just hate us.

A. P.C.'s a Pill-garlic now, a general martyr,
—that's a moral.
And why? Becos the various parties what
should *rule* do naught but *quarrel*.
Monro's and Rosebery's little lots are at it
cats-and-dogs already.
And while it's so, can you expect us Peelers
to be straight and steady?

I don't care much who bosses us, so as the
bossing is done clever,
And ain't all shift and shindying. This style
though can't go on for ever.
There'll be a bunnick up one day, a general
row, all sects, and sexes;
That's the opinion of some toffs, anyhow it's
Policeman X's.

Mister Monro's a decent sort, and Mister
Rosebery's another;
But party sperrit mucks up all, and makes
a brother hate his brother.
Can't *someone* settle the whole thing upon a
basis sound and stable;
And not keep up this bad old game of Pot
and Kettle, Cain and Abel?

If I lets a Street-spouter rave, Property
drops on me a smasher,
Whilst if I land him on the nob, Poverty
calls me "brutal basher."
If a Beak backs me from the Bench, scribes
bully me in every journal;
And, if the papers praise me, I may get the
sack. The game's infernal

I do not want to brain stray curs, or *bâton*
Socialists or Paddies;
That's a wild fancy of the raving Reds,
fierce Rads, and frothing faddies.
Salvationists may spout their fill for me
with banner, drum, and trumpet,
But I object to being blamed all round, or
bashed into a crumpet.

Gents, settle it between you, please! I
simply asks you, on the Q.T.
What in these most peccoliar times *is* Police-
man X Junior's duty?
At present it's a Will-o'-the-Wisp, and I
am weary of pursuing it.
Jest tell me what my bizness *is*, my lords,
and—*back me up in doing it!*

"HOPE DEFERRED."

The Rev. Mr. Quiverfull. "Ah! it's all very well, Mr. Wurzell, to say you'll pay your Tithes shortly—all very well! But you've said that ever since last Christmas, and I really cannot wait until that Sacred Festival comes round again!!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, August 12.—Pity the Markiss couldn't have been accommodated with seat in Gallery whilst Debate going forward to-night on Tithes Bill. "Can't be done," Old Morality protested, when, one evening little more than fortnight ago, Markiss said, "We shall want the Tithes Bill pushed through;" "None of our men like it; the other side, of course, won't have it; we shall be kept sitting into September; and then I doubt whether we can carry the Bill."

"Oh, yes, you will," said the Markiss, drawing down his beetleblack brows in manner that makes Old Morality's heart sink within him. "You must go on. Say the thing must be done; and we'll take a little holiday."

So it came about. Lords adjourned from to-night till Thursday, and Old Morality left to struggle against friends and foes on behalf of Tithes Bill. Grand Young Gardner moved first of series of Instructions to Committee. Harcourt, fresh from self-communing

in New Forest, returns after ten days' absence; finds all the other Leaders gone away; only himself left in undisputed possession; spreads himself out on Front Bench, prepared to make things hot for Government. Welsh Members gather under banner of Osborne Ap Morgan, and harass Government on flank. Irish Members turn up in full force; a rarely united Opposition; strangely hesitating Ministerial force. Not a man to say a good word for the Bill. Hartington sleeps through speech-making; goes into Lobby with Government in Divisions, and thinks nothing more can be expected from him. His own men Vote in other Lobby; even Wiggin—"The Weckless Wiggin," as Christopher Sykes calls him—revolts.

"I have travelled a hundred miles," he said, "to come here to-day and vote against this Bill."

A hundred miles! Stupendous! Wish the Markiss could have heard this. But the Markiss gone cheerfully off to dinner, and left Old Morality to struggle against odds. One time seemed as if Ministry would be defeated on Gray's Amendment. Whips from either lobby come in almost at same moment, indicating equality of numbers. When figures announced it appeared defeat averted by majority of four.

"And when we started in business," said Old Morality, "our majority was 114."

Business done.—The Tithes Bill's—very nearly.

Tuesday.—This was Handel Cossham's opportunity. Been in House a year or two now; never found appropriate opening for his superior talents. As he says, with his pleasant humour, "I'm really only man in House with a Handel to my name, and I ought to live up to my natural advantages."

Sir Handel Cossham.

(Sketched on the spot, after the Speaker had ruled out his Amendment.)

Ministry in increasing difficulties with Tithes Bill; majority gradually disappearing; got down as low as four. This was on Instruction moved yesterday by Gray. That's all very well for him; but supposing a man of commanding eloquence, of profound knowledge, of graceful bearing, deep sympathy with the people, should appear in the lists and run atilt at the shaken Ministry, where would they be?

"I'll do it," said Handel Cossham.

So put on radiant white waistcoat, pair of carefully selected sixteen-shilling summer trousers, and early repaired to House. Great thing when you're going to make important speech, probably leading to overthrow and resignation of Ministry, to get a corner seat. Cossham secured this; borrowed copy of Orders; found his Instruction set forth in beautiful print; the very first on list; no mistake about that. As soon as Tithes Bill reached Speaker must call upon him; then he would rise majestically, throw back the lappel of his coat so that the waistcoat could be seen of all men, and stretch out his right leg, with eight shillings' worth of trowser on it.

Meanwhile, sat in corner seat; listened impatiently to long string of questions; then Tim Healy got up with nonsensical Bill about Courts of Appeal in Ireland; but longest lane has a turning. Speaker called on Orders of the Day; Clerk read out, "Tithe Rent Charge Bill, Committee." Now was Cossham's time. Rose, holding in right hand bundle of notes which, presently enlarged on, should convince the House, convulse the country, and coerce the Ministry. At same moment Speaker moved in Chair.

"Going to call on me," said Cossham to sympathetic neighbour; "name first on list, you know; save him trouble."

Got up at once; rose to full height,—just in time to hear Speaker rule Instruction out of Order; could not be moved. Speaker turned and left Chair, and before Cossham quite realised situation, Courtney in Chair, House in Committee, and somebody else moving Amendment.

Business done.—Tithes Bill in Committee.

Wednesday.—This the day set apart for Winterbotham's Repentance. Last time Bill on to prevent children under ten earning an honest penny on the Stage, Winterbotham run a-muck at an honourable profession. In name of Morality (not our dear Leader), cast aspersion upon an indefinite number of Ladies with whose names or individual existence he was not acquainted. The Ladies, or some of them, subsequently remedied this omission; wrote a few frank lines to Hon. Mem., which, with other things, convinced him he had made mistake. Came to conclusion had better put things as straight as they would go. This afternoon, when Bill came on for consideration of Lords' Amendments, Winterbotham withdrew his charges. House (which had not been assailed) cheerfully accepted apology, and Lords' Amendments agreed to.

Winterbotham 's repentance.

Business done.—Right-about-face on Tithes Bill.

Thursday.—"Toby," said Old Morality, as we walked down to House this afternoon, "why is a dewdrop round?"

"I think, Sir," I observed, "the Right Hon. gentleman had better give notice of the question."

"Ah, yes, I know; that's what Arthur Balfour says; and perhaps you are right. I'm a little bothered just now; things not going straight; end of Session fully due; haven't done badly; passed good many more Bills than the public bear in mind; should have insured a very fair record; then comes along the Markiss with his Tithes Bill, which he insists upon passing. Well, we try to pass it in one way. Fix the liability for tithes upon occupier of land; that doesn't please Opposition; say landowner should be liable. Very good; I'm a man of peace; anything for a quiet life; let it be the landowner. So yesterday put up Attorney-General to give notice of Amendments which shall fix liability on landowner. Specially chose Attorney-General for work, because on Monday he was the man who most prominently and persistently argued in favour of the occupier. Only fair to give him a chance on Wednesday to appear on other side. What follows? Here's Harcourt bouncing about all over premises, declaring that, on the whole, Bill is a little more impossible than it was before. It's a hard life, and sometimes I wish it were otherwise. Whether the composition of the dewdrop has anything to do with it, who shall say? A dewdrop is round because every part of it is equally balanced, and therefore there is no cause why one part of the drop should be further from the centre than another. The great globe we inhabit is, if I may say so, an enlarged dewdrop. The same causes operate upon its rotundity, and—and—there you are. Do you follow me?"

"Yes," I said, dropping a few paces to the rear. I always like, as far as is possible, to combine strict veracity with beaming urbanity. Old Morality always most delightful when deep thoughts stir him, and he grows mystical. But in this mood one has to take time to think him out.

Business done.—Tithes Bill postponed.

Friday.—Crowded House. No one looking at it would think grouse has been daily on dinner-table since Tuesday. Questions over, Harcourt rose, and put supplementary one to Speaker. Was it in order to proceed further in Committee with Tithes Bill upon Amendments that made it quite a new Bill? Should it not rather be brought in as new Bill?

"Why, cert'nly," said the Speaker.

Then Old Morality came up tearful. In circumstances no alternative but to withdraw the Bill. But no one could fathom the poignant regret with which he yielded to circumstances. Harcourt rose from other side of table. Yes, he understood Old Morality, for he, too, was heart-broken at fate of Bill. Was it too late, did Old Morality think, to resuscitate it? Yes—Old Morality, in broken voice, thought it was. Then Harcourt, breaking down, wept over the Bill, and Old Morality mingled his tears with those the fall of which sobered the whilom jubilant countenance of Harcourt.

"A most affecting scene," said J. G. Talbot, suspiciously sniffing; "Reminds me of the words of the Poet:—

"For when we came where lies the Bill
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears."

Business done.—The Tithes Bill's—quite.

Scarcely worth its "Salt."—The Standing Committee on Trade.

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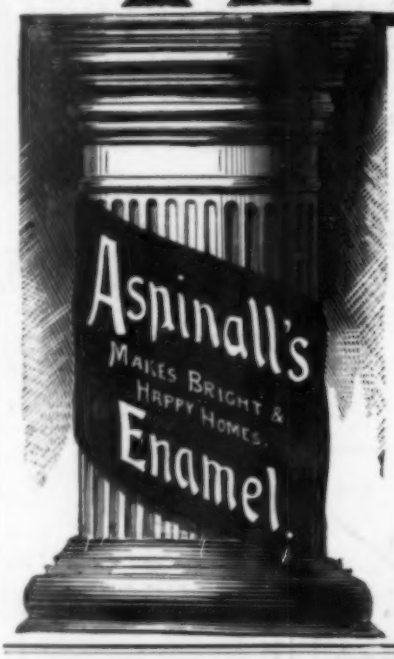

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SUNLIGHT SOAP

Sir CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D.,

Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Chief Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, &c., &c.,

REPORTS:—

February 15th, 1888.

I have carefully analysed specimens of the "SUNLIGHT SOAP" submitted to me for that purpose by Messrs. Lever Brothers, Warrington, and the following are the results at which I have arrived:— ☞

SIR CHARLES CAMERON'S
Report continued:—

The points in the composition of this Soap that are most valuable are its freedom from free alkali, the large per-centage of fatty acids which it contains, and the purity of the materials employed in its preparation. I EMPLOY THE SOAP, and from my actual experience of it can strongly recommend it.

(*Signed*) **CHAS. A. CAMERON.**

(From the Painting by W. P. FRITH, R.A., Exhibited at the Royal Academy, London, 1889, the property of the Proprietors of "SUNLIGHT SOAP.")

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